

The title of this magazine, which is taken from the second line of Whitman's poem, "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking", a poem that describes the birth and growth of the creative urge and traces its triumph over the powers of negation, is intended to symbolize a desire to bring things together in our community; to make a close-woven texture of the best art work and the best literary work produced by Cooper Union students; to create communion at a time of stress inside and outside the college. After all, this is the Cooper Union.

Contributions are invited and welcomed (alumni are asked to send literary work only, at this time)

We hope this fabric will warm us all.

Writers, artists, and
particularly production
people are needed.

The Musical Shuttle

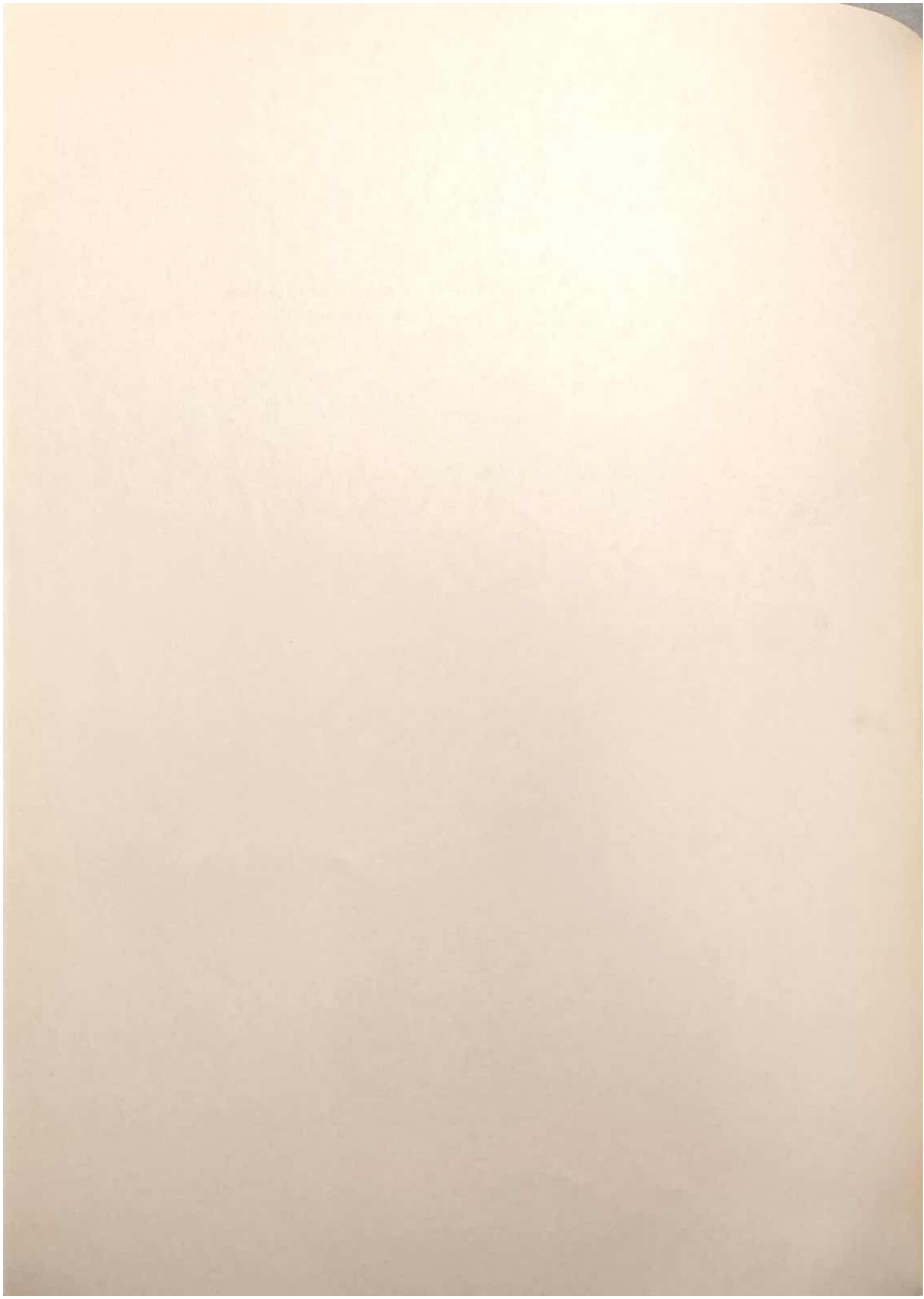
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John Kaufman

"Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle . . ."



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Anthony Tsirantonakis.

Thanks to Deans Gore, Sadek and Vopat for their encouragement and assistance. Thanks also to Jonathan Williams for suggesting the title.

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Dona Juana

Dona Juana

Sharp as a machete

Sneaking up behind the banana tree

Saw us take a bath by pouring buckets over each other

Went to warn her daughter, Vivina

Who then came more often, bringing us enormous duck eggs

And avocados.

Lisa Schwartzberg

vespers

esperino for the twilight

coral before the blueblack
the sky, pink, falls behind
strawberry hair and fields of
flowers and lace
laugh little children laugh
tumble run tumble
maria play sophoula
play esperino

proino for the morning

bell sing me a dirge
es to onoma, to patera
granite smell your roses
dry your tears
stou iou kai stou agiou pneumati
earth feed my child
amin
milk her
bell sing me a dirge
maria sophoula
bell sing me a dirge

nuhterino for the night

morning blue
cold potatoes
the eyes they see right to me
I ran, I ran but you were on
the other side
hrusi mou
maria sophoula
play esperino

Anthony Tsirantonakis

Drinking Alone Beneath the Moon

Flowers strewn among a lonely pot of wine
As I drink alone
I lift my cup to entice the silver Moon
She shines on me and we become three.
Although the shadow follows my body in vain, and
The brilliant Moon will not drink with me,
I will sit with the Moon and my shadow.
For it is Spring and its pleasures must be caught
I sing to the Moon who wanders here and there,
I dance while my shadow embraces me,
When awake, we enjoy our times together
When we are full of the wine spirit, we say goodbye
Our passionless friendship will always tie us
Until we meet again, in the far river amongst the clouds.

Li Po (701-762)

Translation: Chester Lee

Dark Man

Dark walls watching time and sawdust
ripen about soft laughter as he enters
to cage the corner seat

Dark smell of stale wood curls thick
and warm with clicking clinking of
chipped mugs measured freely
foamy heavy with happy homeless
a happy liveness stupor

Dark drink bottom's up top side down
the hatch here's one for the

Dark man drinks cornerly to his tired
wall leaning to rest on a rusty
chain of memories

Dark dismal corner cages fat father,
leaf cracks and floorward from his
hair he cries faceward to his cup.

Jordan Lee Wagner

Between The Act

The whole summer, I had watched you racing along the shore
Our camels breathing heavy, you were lying there, panting for breath.

Was there really enough room, with all the white walls
and the white linen ? I had taken your signature and crumpled it.
Were you full ? It couldn't have been. It just couldn't have been.

The blisters of sleep floating on the unrehearsed bedroom puppetry
Something like sandpaintings and loopholes while the seagulls
the sparrows and the pigeons deserted the beach.

A serpent had swallowed the shoreline and
the contour of your peach tree had shifted across our bedroom.
I then had kissed your doorknobs and the tide had come in.

Should I have opened a window ? The draperies
shifted in a new light. We'll have to restage it
somehow the horizontal didn't sink into the orange.

Somehow your tongue rediscovered everything too dirty not to
have mentioned. Luckily, we had hammered our way through winter
with all the vegetables carrots tomatoes and string beans.

Glenngo Allen King

"When I journey with the Lamb"

The Light from a dead star
Mugged an Angel in Central Park
More reason to leave the World.
When I journey with the Lamb
I walk into the sea wearing only black gloves.
The sky darkens
And becomes a mourning
When we see the house
Beyond the stench
Of the moon-dog
Lying dead
Near the Stag's head that was once carried through the skies.

I remember dying in Asia
And with leaves around my ears
Shaved with my seamen and disappeared.

I woke in the throat of a frog
Cursing its homelessness on the dark shore
Of a river already forgotten
Except for the wood
Of the table on which I write.

Today, in the picture collection of the New York Public Library
I hounded the image of Christ with my fingers
Through grey bins
Always in the wrong places

"Circus,"

"Circumcision,"

"Christmas,"

Then I saw His name in the bin
Typed on a sealed folio on which someone had written:

"He is not here,
He is risen."

Joel Peter Witkin

Baby Face

i wish i knew you
when you wore hats with feathers and fruits
tight dresses with a tickets size ten
stockings with seams
a good looking man on your arm

i bet you knew the steps
how to pose one baby doll behind the other
you knew the way to cross your legs
bringing the skirt to the knee with class

i bet you knew the steps
how to jitterbug without shaking your breasts
you knew the way to mix color for your lips
marking the lids with a pencil for the beauty mark

i wish i knew when you cut the three tier cake
held his hand as the knife hit the cream
moved your head to smell the double orchids
arrange your hair and pull the gloves tight to the wrist
smooth the lines of your hips.

i wish i knew you
when the dress fell
and you were standing in the lace slip smiling

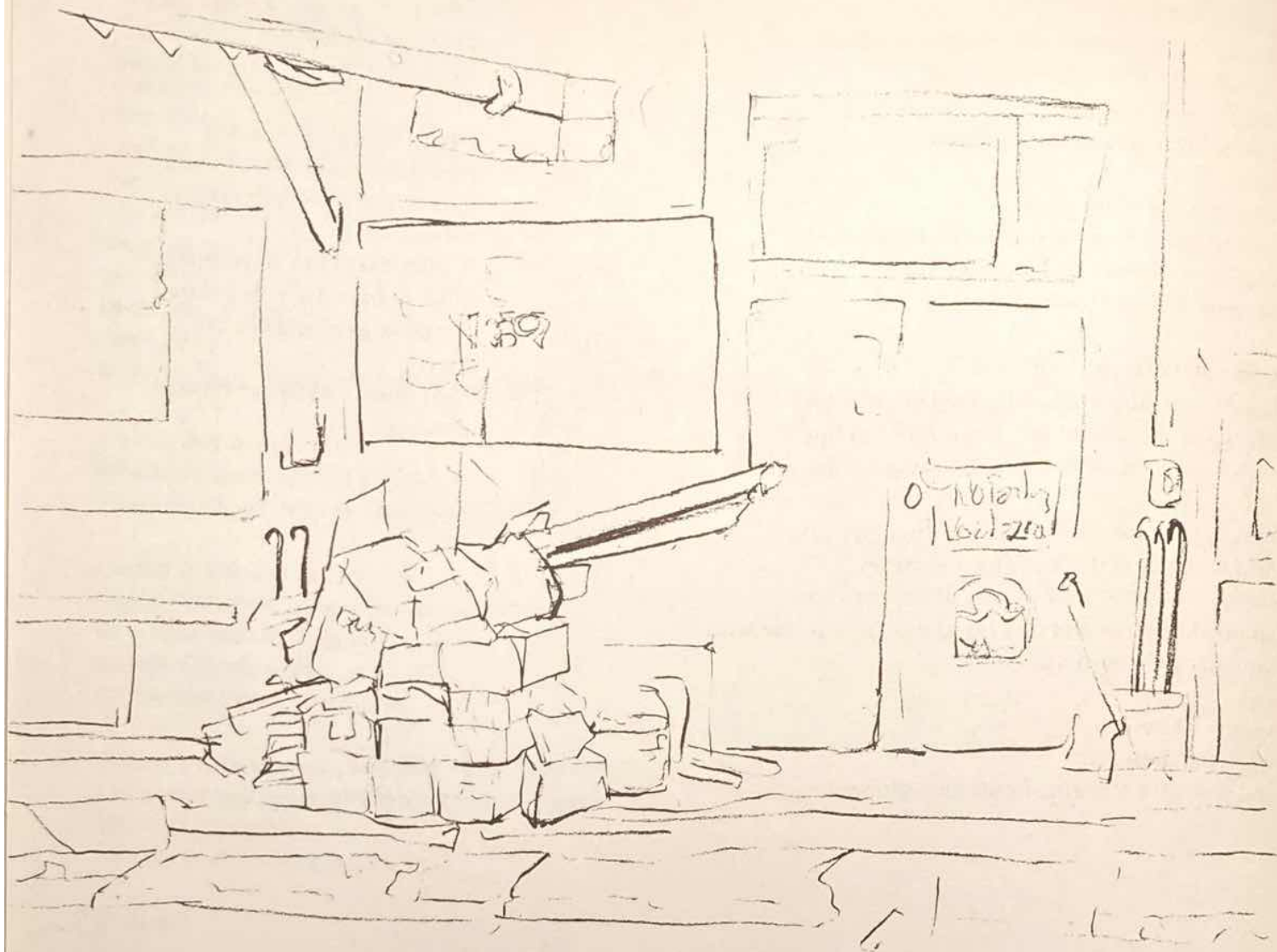
Where Are We Now

Where are we now I mean where
did we leave off that is where do
we pick up from where we loafed
off.

What I'm saying in reality
is why are we being held here
by a swarm of 300 Pyrenees
natives.

It's not that I'm complaining
I like to have my toes painted
but these guys chew it off
after.

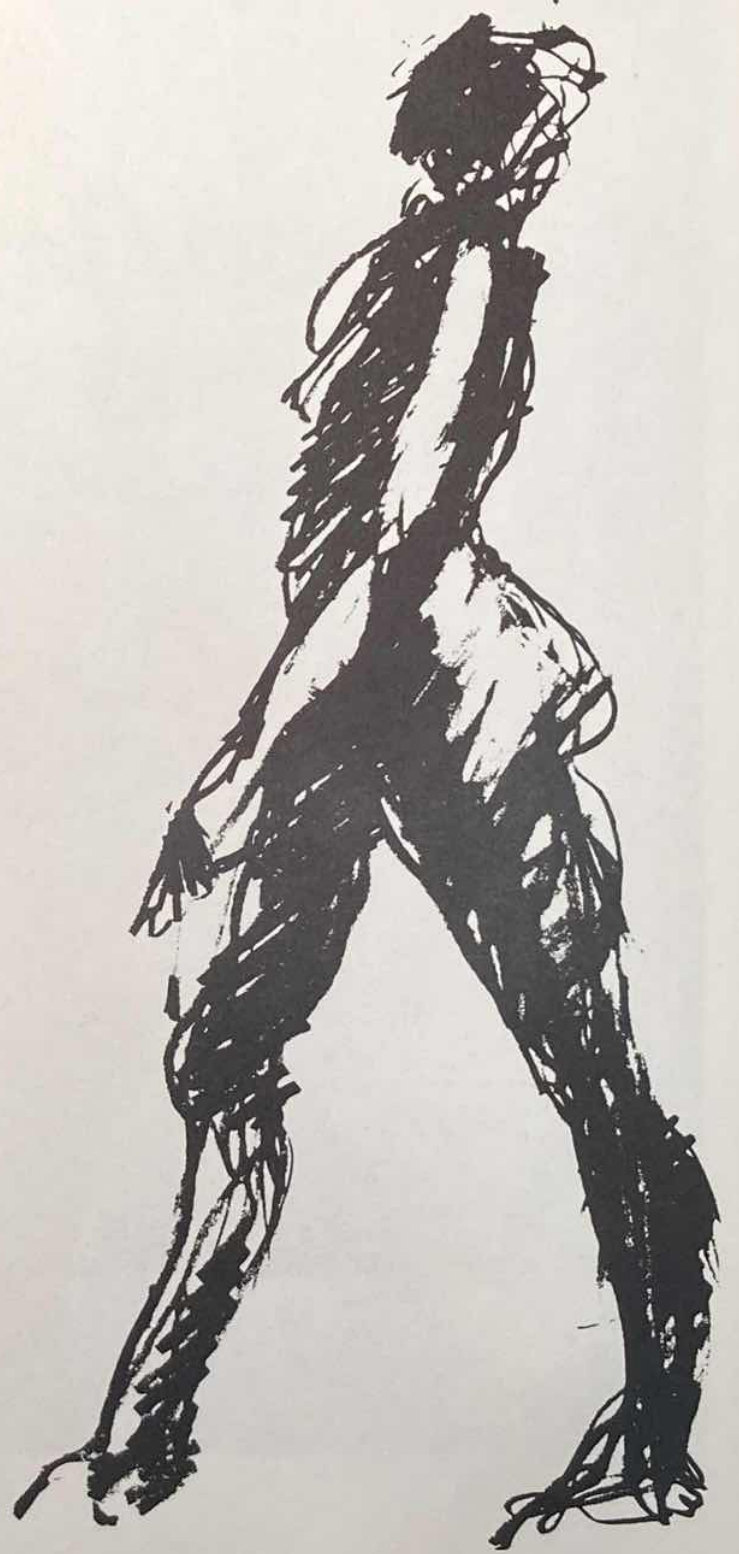
What must I do to get through
with you.



Dorothy Black







Peter Solow



Juan Sanchez

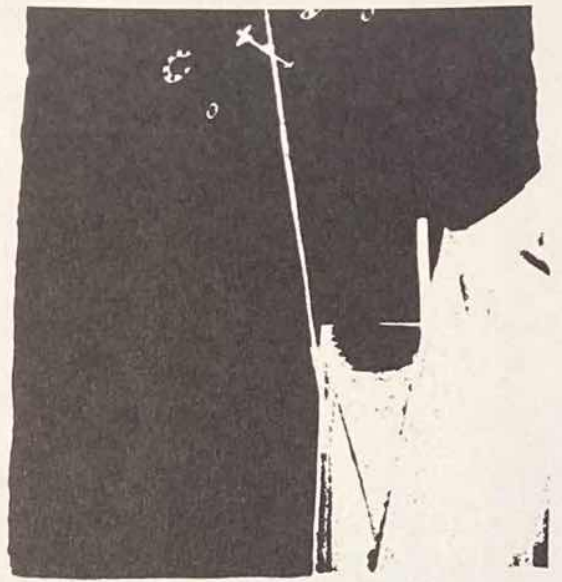




Roy Ruan







William Sweeney

Daydream

We sat in the room you	Did I say
became faceless	paintings are like dreams
at the table your	had both
head became an egg	did both
balanced on your arm	forgot both
its mate slept unaware	when you woke
of the tablecloth	So
the act sat	We looked at ourselves
accompanied by	grow then sat
Rhinemaids on the phono	and slept
I held up my end	upright
of the chat	Your yolk leaked
of the table	from the side of your head
in our laps	been an egg
it got precarious	for an hour
	I glimpsed the city
	as it walked by
	the window
	The Rhinemaids screamed
	How could I imagine
	their abrupt darkness
	their stolen gold
	the home of the gods
	the love denounced
	the gnome deprived
	the Rhine depths
	or Walhal heights
	A talk
	with the clock
	til you woke

the heated food
was tortured by the draft
allowed by the
permissible window
Alberich was
denouncing love
when I saw
the situation
on canvases
on walls

I saw your place today
as I saw you an egg
the possessions
appeared as
your perspiration
the head had beads
still an egg
Wotan betrayed the giants
while I stared at
the candle unlit
fire sent my thoughts to
the gotterdammerung
how could I imagine
the consummation
But I could see
the twilight of the day
of the towers
become torches
on the pier

Michael De Cain

Somewhere on the Champs-Elysees

sitting naked on the cobblestones
cooing to my pigeons
I contemplate the iron gate
rusting past all recognition
doffing a hat I don't wear
to the sisters as they fill in my history
I give my card
The King of Hearts
accepting my crown, I pause
and ask His Holiness to read to me
the inscription on the stone portal
"Hospice d'Alienes"
jumping from the band wagon
pigeons in a cage
I scramble past the gate
pulling it closed after me
to keep the world in.

Reservoir Road

Running, it escapes me,
Or I it.

Star deep,
Grit close,
I part new mist,
Body keenly earth.

In my darkness
Skin considers
Sun, and sweat,
One stone.
Beyond,
The wind
Only moves,
Streams new forever.

Riddle

Yourself
Though images inverted,
Faces halved and re-assembled change.
Survival in position.
Watch eyes move.
You vanish.

Their eyes
Their you
In motion
Always, never seen.



if suddenly, one day . . . suddenly it dawned on you.
It occurred to you. Suddenly, you were an imposter . . .
Then as suddenly you dawned on you, frighteningly
enough you found a domestic scene of "you, eating
ice cream in suburbia with a volumptuous suburban
domain, fixings and all, station wagons . . ."

Then a neighbor comes out and dances bloody
curses at you and spits a brown glob over a clean
white fence. You chance to smell worms wiggle out
of his spit, his true nature and identity shatter
you. Suddenly you arise and speak through the author
of the imposter and a lack of amnesia brings familiar
birds out of forgotten trees. You start to laugh
at the layers in the rock but they protected you.
You laugh at insurance but when the house caught
fire you climbed to the roof of your mouth to shout
down blankets and drown the flames to sleep.

You grow tired but more confident and grumble
at all sudden ignorance.

Birthright

If childhood is green
And before that, infancy, yellow
And even before that, black - there is no light in the womb
If childhood is green, a canary hopping over new shoots
on the upper branches of the Spring tree
At what point does it abruptly become aware of the redness
of the evening ?
The sting of redness in a tunnel where echoes bombard us
And when is the first welcome glimpse of purple light
At the far end where red becomes blue ?
If maturity is blue, moving along confidently
Then suddenly, everything goes white, and this change is especially
frightening because you had taken colors for granted,
like old friends
When the whiteness seems permanent
And you begin to notice its colors
Things begin to yellow at the edges, like a smoker's fingers
Not the bright yellow that the crawling baby sees
But a yellow on the way to brown, well-patinated from being
handled, body oils, perspiration
Then, an old person has accumulated layers and layers of colors
From each time his way of seeing changed
Four primary phases are his natural birthright
Plus all the blended transitions that soften each threshold
What if the normal progression is suddenly cut, as happens
all the time ?
Then the bleeding end must close up
The colors bleed together to seal off the open end
And whereas it would normally take a lifetime
Of smelling green
red feelings blue voices then dreaming
white rainbows, the entire spectrum swirls before the closing eyes
And surrounding his shrinking form, his thoughts
He will be protected and complete.

The Facts

You bleed into your experiences - -
music is the best antidote :
Dance yourself
out of the facts.

Facts that remain here, full-blown,
like some drunken orchestra - -
Facts beeping like horns.
The mind's traffic, stuffed with icons,
middle-class guilt,
Facts rolling towards you like
candy cigarettes - -
Chew them before they chew you;
Stand on the corner,
hoping some insolent thirteen-year-old
will sweep you into the bedsheets
of history;
Why hesitate ?
There are heroes in the flesh,
& they guide us
as well as northern stars.

Today will destroy them - -
the facts;
Close your mind like a lovely
black umbrella, praying for days
of light;
Focus on minor polarities - -
the weather, the news, the latest hot flash
in the neighborhood.
Be provincial;
devise a recipe for sleep,
care-charmer sleep,
as light as a souffle - -
like Christ, you will rise above these things.

Soon, feathers will fall out
of April's throat - -
Summer's voice, thick with bees & asphodels;
A plaster-cast moon
makes way for solid ground, a place
you hardly considered, but now,
Shangri-la,
far from the facts.

The facts.
that cold-climated country - -
Dance yourself out of the facts.

Marlene Tartaglione

Scholar Reclining Watching Rising Clouds

first hour	then the beach trails the moon like a puffy dog across the slot in mechanical heaven
second hour	the water runs off from the wet belly of mud to the mouth
third hour	its first ship brings its cargo of light to the sand
fourth hour	and sips the sleepiness of the drunken star
fifth hour	the red weather slowly lifting its August arms squints a great rip in the horizon
sixth hour	silently receding its clothing the sky steps forward for performance while reflection rolls away
seventh hour	through syncopation the assigned number of counts is written in the day by its measure and by your thumping across the edge like a clock
eighth hour	backs turn quickly as the ropes tie the sun to its pendulum
ninth hour	crossing the blue side of the reversible universe in its coat

tenth hour crossing a drum
the skin of your chest
recalls its bones

eleventh hour and its self
beating in darkness
beneath noontime eyelids

twelfth hour the slow zenith
forgets his shoes

Arthur Rubenstein

Glenn Go Allen King

